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UNITY

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by

WILLIAM C. GANNETT *and* JENKIN LLOYD JONES

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1918 Number 13

A COMRADE CALLED BACK.

Comrade, why did you leave us?
We needed you here in the fight.
Why did the high gods bereave us?
We needed your bold arm, believe us,
To carry the torch in the night.

They sounded recall and you started,
And now you are There upon guard,
In the band of the heroes departed,
Still fighting our battle, high-hearted,
Our captain, our brother, our bard.

You went as a knight goes a-faring,
To join the brave comrades above,
To rally where Lincoln and Waring,
Mazzini and all of the daring
Still fight in the battle of love.

* * *

What voice will now speak for the humble,
O Comrade—yea, speak for us all?
What hand light the way where we stumble?
What hand stay the pillars that crumble,
And put back the stones in the wall?

And now that your errand is ended,
And now that your steps go afar,
What strong soul will catch up the splendid
High dream that your spirit attended—
The purpose of God for our star?

Shoes of Happiness. *Edwin Markham.*

Unity readers will be interested in the action of All Souls Church on the Sunday following the Memorial Meeting for Mr. Jones. The congregation had been called by the Trustees to meet after the morning service for the purpose of extending a call to Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York City. The resolution was moved in the following words by Mr. S. W. Lamson, one of the oldest and most honored members of the society:

I move, Mr. Chairman, that the Trustees of All Souls Church be instructed to invite the Rev. Dr. Holmes of New York to assume the responsibilities recently laid down by our beloved Pastor.

The call was hearty and unanimous and many in the city of Chicago outside the membership of All Souls Church are also anxiously awaiting his answer. Mr. Holmes has a wide reputation all over the country as a preacher and speaker of unusual brilliancy and as a fearless champion of all good causes. He is the author of several books, among others "Is Death the End?" "The Life and Letters of Robert Collyer," "New Wars for Old" and "Religion for To-day." He is already well known to Unity readers through his writings in its pages.

What can Chicago offer this young man, so richly dowered, to compare with what the East has already given him? Nothing but a great inheritance, a free platform at Lincoln Centre and in Unity, and the sore need of him in the Middle West. The cry goes from Chicago to New York as it once went from Macedonia to Paul: "Come over and help us!" The people of All Souls Church await his decision with eagerness and hope.

The revival of the New York *Nation,* under the vigorous editorship of Oswald Garrison Villard, constitutes one of the most notable achievements in recent journalistic history. The Godkin days, and greater even than the Godkin days, would seem to be with us! Indeed, we must hark back to the *Liberator* of Mr. Villard's grandfather, William Lloyd Garrison, to find anything to compare with the vigor and sheer courage of the editorial columns of the *Nation* in recent weeks. The growing timidity and pusillanimity of the *New Republic* as an organ of liberal political opinion, is thrown into unwelcome conspicuousness by the contrast. In a surprisingly short space of time, the *Nation* has leaped into first place again among the great journals of America. J. H. H.

Someone has asked us to name the papers in this country which may be regarded as indispensable today to the liberal or radical reader. The question might perhaps be better phrased, to refer to the papers which are entitled to the support of such a reader. The number is astonishingly few, but the few that we have are valuable. Among daily newspapers must be mentioned the *Christian Science Monitor,* for its full, unbiased and highly intelligent reports of genuinely important and significant events the world around, and the New York *Call,* for its accurate expression of American Socialism. Among weeklies, the *Nation* now stands first, and to this must be added the *New Republic,* the *Survey,* and the *Public.* Others which should be placed upon the list are Max Eastman's free-lance *Liberator,* and the *World Tomorrow,* published by the Fellowship of Reconciliation. To these might be added the *Atlantic Monthly,* for occasional articles of value, and the *Dial,* for its promise of extension into fields other than the strictly literary. And shall we be considered very presumptuous indeed if Unity claims place in this goodly company?

J. H. H.

Some months ago there was announced from Washington an order put forth by the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department, barring certain books and pamphlets from the Army Cantonments. Under ordinary circumstances, in a normal state of public opinion, this order would have instantly sug-

gested the Gilbert and Sullivan "Mikado," who made it his business as a ruler to be the source of "innocent merriment." *A More Excellent Way,* by Prof. Rufus M. Jones, a book of noblest and purest Christian teaching—excluded! *Steps Toward the Great Settlement,* by Emily G. Balch, a compilation of platforms and documents already published in all of the belligerent countries—excluded! *Why War,* by Frederick C. Howe, a friend of the President, and, as Immigration Commissioner at the Port of New York, a member of his official family—excluded! That the very first thing which Secretary Baker did, in his recent return from Europe, was to rescind this order, is immensely to the credit not only of his sense of humor, but also of his sense of liberty and justice as well. Such action, we believe, is symptomatic of the real spirit of Mr. Wilson and his administration. May it not be hoped, now that the abnormal conditions of war are suspended, that this spirit will become dominant forthwith in every Department, and the President be thus truly represented to his countrymen!

J. H. H.

Intimations are coming from Washington that President Wilson is seeking the organization of liberal opinion in this country, to support the measures of constructive peace which he hopes to write into the Great Settlement which will finally close the Great War. If such opinion is now disorganized, and, therefore, of no effect in the present crisis, it would seem as though the President must carry a part at least of the blame. For a year and a half, National Security Leagues, National Defense Societies, Knights of Liberty, and other private patrioteer organizations have been running amuck through the country, establishing a veritable reign of terror. For a year and a half, intolerant and war-mad publicists like Theodore Roosevelt, and newspapers like the New York *Tribune,* have been sowing the wind with far-flung seeds of lust and hate. For a year and a half, tories of the Lodge and Penrose type have been assiduously mobilizing the forces of reaction in preparation for the inevitable period of confusion after the war. Meanwhile, every endeavor to gather the liberals, and give expression to liberal opinion, has met not only with indifference but hostility in Washington. The repressive activities of the Post Office Department and the Department of Justice have silenced the liberals, scattered them, discouraged them. Even now, when they are so sorely needed, fresh suggestions that the Espionage Act is still in force, are put forth at the very moment best calculated to paralyze a revival of free opinion. With every desire to support the President in his work for a durable and democratic peace, we can only marvel at the difficulties placed in the way of those who best understand him and are most eager to sustain him.

J. H. H.

Universal Military Training

Detailed reports are coming in from London regarding the great new Education Act, which has recently been passed by Parliament. This legislation remodels England's entire educational system from the ground up, and may be regarded as one of the most remarkable constructive achievements in the recent history of Great Britain. Its passage in peace times would have been a feat of statesmanship. That it was written, debated and enacted at a time when the armies of Sir Douglas Haig were fighting "with (their) backs to the wall," must ever constitute one of the proudest pages in the annals of the English people. It reminds one of the purchase by Roman citizens at public auction of the land on which was encamped the army of Hannibal in the darkest days of the Second Punic War. The credit for this achievement belongs primarily to Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the Minister of Education, and the leading expert on the subject in the British Empire.

In examining the provisions of the Act, it is inevitable that one omission should be noted, especially by Americans. I refer to the fact that this epoch-making bill *contains no provision whatsoever for universal and compulsory military training.*

This omission is not to be explained by any absence of propaganda in the British isles, for the "Prussianization" of the English people. Militarist junkers in England, exactly as in this country, have endeavored to take full advantage of the War to sweep the people off their feet and carry them over to the support of a system as alien to the genius of our Anglo-Saxon civilization as the Kaiser or the Crown Prince. The land has been infested with "defense societies" and "security leagues," differing in no respect from the similar aggregations of above-draft-age individuals which have been campaigning day and night here in the United States. These champions of universal military training, "over there" exactly as right here at home, have used to the limit all the worn-out fallacies of the educational, industrial and social advantages of the system. The London *Times* and other powerful newspapers have given them publicity and prestige. But all in vain! Mr. Fisher, in a statement to a delegation from the Miners' Federation, is reported to have said that the Government had canvassed the question of universal and compulsory military training, and had decided that *the proposal had neither educational nor military value, and would not be adopted.* His prophecy was sound; Parliament would have nothing to do with the innovation.

The significance of this news can hardly be exaggerated, especially for a people which has been taught by educational "experts" like ex-President Taft and Governor Whitman of New York that our whole educational system has been a failure up to date,

because of its lack of adaptation to the Prussian model! Here is an Education Act which abolishes entirely no less than eleven previous acts and modifies parts of eleven others. Its provisions constitute a complete reconstruction from kindergarten to university of the whole educational system of the country. Some of these provisions cannot be carried out until years after the War. Physical training, both of boys and girls, is carefully provided for. But of military training there is not a trace! England, after four years of the most desperate conflict in history, with the fate of the Empire hanging on the outcome of a battle just across the channel, with the guns at Ypres shaking the windows of the homes in Dover, is unconvinced of either the merit or the necessity of military training for her youth!

Meanwhile here in America, which has never heard a gun, or even so much as tasted the peril and horror of this war, the campaign for universal military training is moving on apace. Advocacy of the proposal has long since become a test of patriotism. Every crisis across the seas, every reported revolutionary success, is immediately caught up and enlisted in the service of the cause. Congress is buzzing with the subject. That such an innovation can be adopted would seem to be incredible to anybody familiar with American traditions and ideals, to say nothing of educational experience. Yet stranger things than this have happened. When the war fever is on, anything may happen. The next few months are as critical as any which have preceded. Wherefore it behooves all who would save America, as England has already been saved, from being stampeded into Prussianism, to practice forthwith that "eternal vigilance" which is "the price of safety."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

"He loved his fellow man."
Aye! Let his epitaph be this:
That, though their skin were black, or white, or brown,
He loved them all;
And, loving, came to human brotherhood.

Their race, their nation, creed, alike to him
The outward clothing of a human soul;
Equal, to him, were all his fellow men.
He knew them to be one in the same God.

He held his way; agree to disagree.
Through storm and through false calm, the majesty
Of his great inner light still urged him on;
And, never faltering in his chosen paths,
He ever sought a world-wide fellowship.

And though he's gone, his memory holds on;
His glorious work shall yet bear fruit in Peace,
And o'er the earth his dream shall yet come true
Of peaceful lands and Brotherhood of Man.

JOHN BRADFORD MAIN,
October 21, 1918. *Age 17 years.*

Tributes and Excerpts from Other Papers

Time did not permit the reading of the following tributes from Rev. C. W. Wendte and Mrs. Helen Ekin Starrett at the Memorial Meeting, but we are glad to be able to print them in UNITY.—Ed.

Rev. Charles W. Wendte:—

International Congress of Free Christians
and other Religious Liberals
Newton, Mass., Nov. 1, 1918.

To the Abraham Lincoln Centre,
Chicago.
Dear Friends:

It was with emotion and sorrow that I learned of the death of your minister, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, my old-time fellow-student at the Meadville Theological School, and for fifty years thereafter my honored and beloved fellow-worker in good causes at home and abroad. The last time we met in the body was eight months ago when, unable because of illness to seek him in Boston during his brief stay, he gladdened me by a brief visit at my home. We passed a notable, uplifting hour together, recalling our early friendship and associations and looking forward to the future service for truth and humanity that Providence might appoint for us. Yet, through it all, I felt it might be our last meeting on earth. His eye was not dim nor his characteristic ardor and hopefulness abated. But in his shortened breath and halting footsteps I read the story of his decline in physical vigor and ability much longer to serve ideal causes as he would.

We parted affectionately. A few months later, we were both laid low by a similar fate, the surgeon, the hospital, and, in my own case, at least, weeks of seclusion, while our souls hovered in the mysterious borderland between life and death.

It has been ordained that I should recover for some limited service and intercourse with my dear ones and friends. But he, my brother, my elder by one year, whom I admired so greatly for his wonderful gifts of mind and heart and his remarkable activities in behalf of his fellow-man, has been called up higher in the divine order of the universe.

I cannot yet command the strength to write of him as my heart prompts, but I would fain add my tribute of love and sorrow to your service of commemoration. The friends who will assemble to bear testimony to his character and career will not fail to do him justice, and utter the universal sorrow and sense of loss among all who were privileged to know him, or who came within the circle of his world-wide activities for freedom, truth, and the brotherhood of man.

"So let the light
Stream on his deeds of love that shamed the light
Of all but heaven, and in the book of fame
The glorious record of his virtues write
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his and catch from him the hallowed flame."

Helen Ekin Starrett:—

Portland, Oregon, October 1, 1918.

Dear Friends of Lincoln Centre and UNITY: This morning's mail brings the issue of UNITY of September 19, and here, in my far off home on the pine-clad heights of Oregon, I pay the late tribute of tears as

I read of the closing hours of one of earth's greatest and best souls. I say with the psalmist, King David, as he said of Abney, Captain of his hosts: "Know ye that a great man and a prince hath this day departed from Israel."

I have taken UNITY almost from its first issue; and when I came to my far western home, one of the heaviest and most valuable packages that I brought was a file of UNITY, nearly two feet thick. It is one of the most prized possessions of my library. I consider that its pages contain a body of religous thought and inspiring teaching almost unequalled in variety and value by any other similar publication. UNITY has for years been one of the few papers that I read through every week, however much others were skimmed. I rejoice in the announcement that its life is to be continued.

May I offer again a little tribute to Mr Jones, written some years since, but not given a place in UNITY, doubtless from a feeling in which Mr. Jones resembled his earthly hero, Lincoln, of whom Lowell says in his great "Commemoration Ode":

> "The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
> Sagacious patient, *dreading praise, not blame.*"

In my opinion, his name will be linked with Lincoln's in the hearts of those who truly know his worth and his work.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

FOUNDER OF LINCOLN CENTRE

Granite and iron, gold and polished steel,
The rugged mountain range, the stalwart pine,
To these I liken thee, while thy benign
Or stirring words and presence make us feel
High instincts roused and strengthened till we kneel
In spirit, reverent to the Truth Divine.
And as the mountains' rugged peaks enshrine
Fair vales where crystal streams their course reveal
By verdant banks that show yet half conceal
Where woodland flowers and fruits their charm combine,
So do thy daily kindly deeds entwine
Thy life with gracious living's high appeal.
Brave preacher, teacher! Lo, thy name shall shine
With his whose spirit so inspires thine.

The Inquirer, London, England.

The death of the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, at the age of 75, has removed from the ranks of the pioneers and prophets of the free religious movement in America one of its most eager spirits—perhaps, we may also add, one of its most picturesque representatives. Preacher, lecturer, organiser, editor (of UNITY), Jenkin Lloyd Jones filled a place which he had made his own in the annals of Unitarianism in America. He took pride in being a free-lance; and he rejoiced in his liberty so eagerly that he could not long endure to be harnessed to any organization in which he was not himself the directing and controlling spirit. He loved to work in his own way; but that way had always in view the betterment of the world, the progress of truth and freedom, the harmony of joining sects, and, above all, international peace. Those of us who have sat and talked with him in the church parlour at Chicago will recall his charm and courtesy, his quiet humour, his scorn of all things base and foul. In pulpit or platform his rugged presence immediately arrested attention. His well-shaped head, covered, when we saw him last, with a plentiful crop of rich grey hair, his mobile features, beautifully transfigured when pleading for righteousness, peace, and love, will linger in our memory. Jenkin Lloyd Jones will be mourned by a wide circle of friends and admirers in America, and by not a few in our own land, who were attracted and impressed by his strong and noble personality.

The Christian Life, London, England.

The following additional biographical notes of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, whose death occurred on September 12th, have been supplied by Rev. J. R. Jones, M.A., of Aberdare: Jenkin Lloyd Jones was a son of Richard Lloyd by Mary his wife, and he was born at Blaencathal, in the parish of Llandyssul, on November 14th, 1843, the seventh of ten children. Richard was first cousin of Dr. Lloyd, Principal of the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen; and he and his family, together with two brothers, emigrated to America, landing in New York on November 14th, 1844, the first anniversary of Jenkin's birth. Jenkin's grandmother was Margaret, daughter of Rev. David Lloyd, Llwynrhydowen.

The family, after many years, finally settled down at Wisconsin, where descendants still live. In 1861, Jenkin was too young to join the Army, but in 1862 he did, and had three years of hard work— till the end of the war. He was engaged in various great battles. During the whole time he kept a diary; indeed many others did likewise, but Jenkin Lloyd Jones's is the only private diary of the war now known to exist. After fifty years, the State authorities of Wisconsin heard of it, and in 1914 they published "ten little memorandum books" in a handsome octavo volume of four hundred pages, with the title "An Artillery Man's Diary." It has several portraits. In his preface, he says: "As I approach my three score and ten I can say I never sighted a gun, or pulled a trigger, on anything smaller than a cannon, and that only when ordered." Again: "Throughout the three years of camp life, as throughout the succeeding years, I have been a total abstainer from all forms of liquor and tobacco." At page 365 he concludes his Diary: "Three of the best years of my life have been lost to self-instruction, and the plans and hopes of my childhood have been ruthlessly toppled down, but the time has not been lost. I have no regrets for the way it has been spent. My prayer is that the remainder of my life may be as usefully spent. So, dear reader, goodbye!" He thus concludes his preface to the Diary on September 9th, 1913, "A great thing was done for humanity in America between 1861 and 1865. If it could not have been done otherwise, it was worth all it cost. And if this same dire predicament were to occur again I would do all my part over again. But Oh! it was such a wrong way of doing the right thing! May the clumsy sentences of a boy's diary, so lacking in perspective, so inadequate in expression, contribute a few sentences to the gospel of Peace."

After his return home from the war, Jenkin Lloyd Jones had to help on the farm. In winter he kept a school, teaching ninety children, ranging from the little child learning the A.B.C. to the student in Algebra and Geometry. Later, he attended a four years' theological course at Meadville. Before taking up his great work at the famous Abraham Lincoln Centre, Mr.

Jones visited South Wales and preached a striking Welsh sermon in several of our chapels there.

From the Italian Press, Chicago.

We reproduce the following tribute which appeared in the Italian Press (Il Cittadino, L'Idea, L'Italia, La Gribuna) of Chicago on September 29, 1918, showing the high esteem in which Mr. Jones was held even among foreigners.—Ed.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, veteran of the Civil War, scholar, philosopher and reformer, passed away on Sep. 12 in his seventy-fifth year, at his home, Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

He was a superior type of man. Physically he was of a lionlike type of beauty worthy of the chisel of Michael Angelo.

Intellectually and spiritually he was a power. Wise as Cato, strong as Dante, pure as St. Francis of Assisi, erudite as Lodovico Antonio Muratori.

From Lincoln Centre which he founded many years ago,—an institution of learning and the only one of its kind,—he, with lessons, lectures, books, on every branch of human knowledge and on every municipal, state, national and international subject, gave lavishly of the immeasurable treasures of his mind and heart in the defense of truth, beauty and goodness. He illuminated the conscience and formed the man.

His sincere and disinterested love for his country—America—did not interfere with his love for other peoples and his working indefatigably for their redemption.

He had a special predilection for Italy (in his private library one of the most important sections was that containing volumes of and relating to Dante) and on hundreds of occasions he expressed it; and he synthesized it in a masterly manner in a lecture entitled *Why I love Italy* given a few months ago in Lincoln Centre and afterwards published in UNITY, the weekly journal which he founded in 1878 and continued to edit until his last hour with wisdom, strength and dignity.

His ideas on the future of society differed not a little from my own.

The means by which Jenkin Lloyd Jones believed, in the fervor of his optimism, that the present grave situation could be faced and surmounted in order to arrive at the solution of problems which are involved in the future of society, have often been the subject of my modest but free criticism.

Notwithstanding this I have always venerated the man for his honesty, vigor, and all of his high virtues.

And he in exchange has honored me, from the time that I first knew him ten years ago, with his friendship, a friendship founded on mutual respect and affection, a friendship which has been a source of pride to me, and, in my exile, one of my sweetest comforts.

With the going of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, America has lost one of her first sons; humanity, a son not to be easily replaced; and Italy one of her most generous admirers.

And the broken hearts left behind him who have followed with faith his apostolate have lost the source of their noblest impulses.

But in this misfortune there is cheer in the belief that the spirit of Jenkin Lloyd Jones will gloriously survive as the inspiration, the spur and the guide in the hard but blessed battles for ideas.

Luigi Carnovale.

Editorial in Capitol Times, Madison, Wis.

Wherever men gather who love democracy, social justice and the higher ideals of life, words of sorsow will fall over the death of that valiant and courageous soldier for the common good, Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Dr. Jones was not only well known in the state from whence he came but his work and deeds had attained to nation-wide recognition. It was as a militant preacher, seeking freedom from orthodoxy and convention, that he was perhaps best known.

Dr. Jones went through life as a free lance. He preferred to fight for his convictions in his own way. And convention and custom and common practice did not prevent him from saying things in his unusual and own way.

Since the inauguration of the war the spirit of the rebel has been in the heart of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. He could not bring himself to a support of war in any form. He was a pacifist in the best sense of the word. And it was because of his sterling integrity and unimpeachable honesty that the present day taunts of "disloyalty" and "pro-Germanism" fell short when aimed at Dr. Jones. Himself a veteran of the Civil War, he knew of war in all its phases.

Since war was declared he has preached and written against the tendency in this country to allow wealth and privilege to capitalize patriotism and loyalty to their own advantage. Only recently he wrote to friends in Wisconsin and deplored the campaign being made against Wisconsin members of congress who had voted against war. He stated that these men had been fighting for democracy for years and to serve autocracy and privilege by turning these men out and electing to their seats the friends of privilege would be mockery. Dr. Jones continually warned against any surrender of democracy in this country while the battles of freedom were being fought abroad.

Dr. Jones, in the pulpit and the press, thundered against tainted money. He denounced the hypocrisies of society. He was a merciless foe of sham. He stood for a religion, as he expressed it, "unrimmed by creeds."

Dr. Jones was particularly active in his work for the enfranchisement of women. He saw in the denial of the vote to one-half of our population an indefensible relic of autocracy in this country.

He was a picturesque and striking figure. His snowy beard and shaggy head made him an unusual personality. He was well known in Madison and has spoken here many times.

The world is better because Jenkin Lloyd Jones lived. He was always to be found out on the skirmish line in advance of all movements for the common good. He was a pioneer in the battle for civic, national and international righteousness. He saw in love the only permanent foundation for the new temple from which will be scourged the evils of society. He believed in the brotherhood of man. He saw in the extended hand of fellowship a better weapon than the bayonet. Dr. Jones may have been a dreamer. Perhaps he had too much faith in man. But it is good to have men of his type here. Men of his kind have put leaven into a world that is too much filled with bitterness and hate and strife. His was the spirit of the Master.

As his body is laid away today in the hills that he loved, may the spirit of love and justice and democracy which he breathed go on in the manner in which he would have willed it.

Wm. T. Evjue.

Christian Work, New York.

(Excerpts)

Dr. Jones was one of those men with whom one never associated the thought of death. He was so radiantly alive, so ebullient with the spirit of youth, that although he had come upon years, none who knew him ever thought of age or of the end of age. So when the news of his death reached his many friends the other day they were dazed. Death and he had no part together. I doubt if they have any part together now.

He was one of those great souls born two centuries ahead of the times. If by the time two centuries have passed we get a world where there is some semblance of justice, where men have learned the art of living together as brothers instead of as beasts of prey, where nations have learned to work in happy co-operation for humanity instead of spending all their energy in preparing to blow one another to pieces, where Jesus can be accepted as the Master of life and his principles be the ruling principles of men and nations, Dr. Jones would be perfectly at home in that world. He tried to live in it during the last fifty years and succeeded remarkably well. . . .

Dr. Jones would try love up to the point of Calvary, for all people and all nations if need be. But it should be said with greatest emphasis that he believed love would work, that it would accomplish as much, yes more, than force. . . . It (his position) is in a nutshell that of the non-resistant. Non-resistance is to him not a passive thing at all, not a resignation, not a refusal to fight evil. He simply believes that an aggressive love, or an aggressive trust in the enemy will whip him and accomplish the victory without the shedding of blood. It would do more, it would convert the enemy. . . .

Dr. Jones came to be more than a name to me when the great Congress of Religion was held in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. It seemed to him that the World Fair should be made memorable by something other than an exhibition of the great material or even artistic achievements of the world. He had a vision of bringing representatives of all the great religions together at that time, and out of it grew the famous Congress of Religion. He had the leaders of every faith present and the success of this gathering was largely due to his untiring energy. His enthusiasm was contagious and the meetings drew vast audiences and the report of the meetings went round the world. To him "religions were many but religion was one." The Congress was made permanent and he was its secretary for eleven years. He was always dreaming, not only of bringing these and other representative leaders of the world's religions together again, but in establishing a real and enduring unity among them in co-operative work for humanity in the whole world. Up to his death he was always hesitant about joining in any movement which did not embrace all good men and all creeds. When the Church Peace Union was founded by Mr. Carnegie in 1914 he accepted a position as trustee in it because it embraced Jews and Roman Catholics, orthodox and liberal. He never got over his disappointment when the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America was organized, that it did not include the Unitarians. He was always expressing regret that the Young Men's Christian Association, whose activities he so greatly rejoiced in, refused membership to Unitarians.

I first became really acquainted with him through reading his fascinating book: "Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel." Jess was his horse, and the book is the story of his vacation with this famous horse and his buggy. It still remains a classic in this kind of literature. It is full of exquisite pictures of country roads, streams, fields of flowers and kindly people. He had one of the biggest hearts that any breast ever contained. He loved everything—beast and bird, flower and child, all kinds and conditions of men. He discovered the good in the most discouraging man, he always found some soul of good in the evil thing. He had a great faculty of bringing the good to the top, and he reformed many a life by this process. His last book, written during this war was called "Love for Battle-Torn Peoples" and he found the good in some peoples that most of us thought utterly depraved.

He was a very engaging and eloquent preacher. He was a Welshman by birth, having been born in Cardiganshire, South Wales, in 1843, and had the imagination, the poetry and the fervor of the Welsh people. He was a very original thinker, but his thought and utterance was always surcharged with feeling. His words glowed and burned. Indeed, thought and feeling were one with him. He organized All Souls Church, Chicago, in 1882 and his ministry soon became famous. Especially did young people flock to his preaching. Since 1905 he was director of Abraham Lincoln Centre, which was church, university, forum and institution combined. Here he found free scope for his work and gathered about him a group to which he was the father, preacher and guide. His sermons roamed through all fields of thought and comprehended all the inspiring literature of the world. Here, classes studied under his guidance all the great books and joined in all the religious, social and redemptive movements of the times. He was not satisfied with merely the winter work in the great city so he organized the Tower Hill Summer School of Literature and Religion. To this beautiful spot he took the members of his flock and other like-minded people for a vacation to be passed in the study of Browning and Tennyson, the religions of the world and flowers and birds. The community life here was very beautiful and was one large family living together in study and happy recreation. Vacation to him meant re-creation rather than recreation. He was a great admirer of Browning and his expositions of the master were most delightful and inspiring occasions. (He was the founder and first president of the Chicago Browning Society.) But he was always seeking larger audience and in 1874 he, with others, established "Unity," a weekly paper, and he remained its editor until his death. It was widely read, largely for his weekly sermon, which constituted an important part of the paper. Preachers of all denominations read it eagerly, and it became a great help and inspiration to all fearless minds. In it he pleaded for years, and with unabated courage, the causes of temperance, economic justice, freedom of thought and international good-

will. He had taken part in the unifying of the States of America through the great Civil War and he always believed that what it was possible to do with the States it was possible to do with nations. He died firm in the faith that there would some day come a united nations of the world, patterned on the United States of America.

He wrote many books, most of which were printed first in "Unity" as sermons or addresses. But his striking personality added much to his thought, so that his spoken word was, as is always the case with the great prophets, more moving than his written page. He had the prophetic mien, although his face was full of sweetness and light, as well as power. He was always singled out in any group in later years by his head of white hair and his long, white beard. His voice was musical and vibrant with personality. The wooing note was always in it as well as force. He was visionary in the finest sense of that word and had faith in ventures which to the majority sometimes seemed futile. An impossible emprise, if it was born of a noble impulse and actuated by a high ideal always did appeal to him. Such an undertaking as Henry Ford's peace trip to Europe drew him irresistibly. He once said in my hearing "that perhaps they were a pack of fools who went"—he joined them it is to be remembered—"but they were Christ's fools" and then he added: "The Greeks and others thought Christ Himself a fool, you will remember." He believed to the end that history would record it as one of the great pilgrimages of all times. Consequences never worried him if the quest was, to his mind, the quest of the ideal.

He worked on a farm for the first twenty years of his life and always had a tender feeling for the workers of the world. Those who toiled and those who suffered always sought him, and he smoothed out the rough places of the road for many burdened souls. No man was ever more loved than he. His great idol was Abraham Lincoln, and he made one think of Lincoln in both his ruggedness and his tenderness. He used often to come to New York in his later years and I saw much of him. It was a great sorrow when we had to part company in our thought when America entered the great war, although we remained fast friends to the end. Hour upon hour we discussed the problems of the war, but we could not see eye to eye. I could not see any other way than that the nation took—he thought he saw a better way. But we were both seeking the same end—a world where nations should live together under the same principles as those which obtain among all good men.

Frederick Lynch.

The Christian Century.

The recent death of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones removes from Chicago one of its best known ministers. He was in his seventies at the time of his death and died as the result of a surgical operation. He was a Welshman with the warm emotional life of his country. With this was combined a mind that thought clearly on the great problems of religion. Many years ago he came to be at variance with the arid intellectualism that characterized Unitarians and introduced a social element into his ministry. As a result of these social ideals, Lincoln Centre, a great institutional church, was built, with an educational program for the community. He founded a religious newspaper, *Unity,* which not only circulated in those denominations that claim to be "liberal" but also among many evangelicals. Mr. Jones was a veteran of the Civil War, and for that reason his espousal of the pacifist doctrine is the more surprising. He went on Henry Ford's peace ship and recently resigned from the Chicago Peace Society because of its program of inactivity during the war. Though not preaching to large congregations in his church in recent years, he has been a familiar figure in the larger municipal enterprises and has had a ministry much larger than that of his church. It will not be possible to find any man that can come in and fulfill the many functions he has exercised in recent years.

The Universalist Leader.

To the company of prophets whose voice we shall hear no more must be added Jenkin Lloyd Jones, best known to the present as the founder of the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago, and as editor of *Unity.*

Age did not dim his vision nor quench his fire. There were many of his friends who could not accept his pacifism. There were none who doubted his passion for peace. To the last, "the good grey head that all men knew" tossed in the fighting van.

The breadth of the prairie was in him, and his reverent love for Lincoln moulded him into unconscious likeness to the greatest of Americans. To look at him was to reverence his age, but to listen to him was to marvel at his youth.

Northwestern Christian Advocate.

The death of the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, which took place at his summer home, Spring Green, Wis., September 12, recalls a personality of great originality and charm. Though nominally a Unitarian, there was no voice more welcome at interdenominational gatherings or on the lecture platform. He was Welsh born but came to America early and served in the Civil War. His Church work in Chicago began in 1882 and in 1905 he was permitted to see something of the travail of his soul in the establishment of the Abraham Lincoln Social Centre, one of the best equipped settlements in Chicago. Though, and perhaps in his case, as a veteran of the Civil War, Dr. Jones was an ardent pacifist and made the trip with Mr. Ford which in the autumn of 1915 promised to have the boys out of the trenches by Christmas. Like many another he thought more highly of human nature than is wise. Had Germany been ruled by men of the Jones stamp—reasonable, reliable, unselfish and inalienably kind—there would have been no war and therefore no necessity for resort to the syllogism of violence. Chiefly will he be remembered for his work at the Lincoln Centre, where many hundreds were taught the elements of clean and wholesome living and the worth of high ideals. To fine intellectual qualities was added a generous culture and a fervent spirit. He was deeply religious and was never happier than when expounding the laws and principles of the Kingdom in his earnest and fiery Welsh way.

Friends' Intelligencer.

To every lover of good works and great causes the death of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, on September 12th, brings a poignant sense of desolation. His outward monu-

ments are the great Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago; the Summer School and Settlement at Tower Hill, Wisconsin; the religious weekly *Unity;* but the record of every civic and social reform, and of every battle for righteousness and human betterment, during the last forty years, is in part the record of his career. Total abstinence and prohibition, Civil Service Reform, the education and full emancipation of the negro, the enfranchisement of women, the rights of labor, international peace, freedom and fellowship in religion—all these, and many other noble causes, found utterance in his prophetic voice and support at his untiring hands. In referring to the fortieth anniversary of his paper, *Unity,* on March 7th last, he said to me, "I have run over in my mind the beneficent and constructive social changes which have been accomplished in the last four decades, and I find that *Unity* has sustained them all."

In thinking of Mr. Jones, however, one recalls not so much these general public services as certain distinctive achievements which were very peculiarly his own. In Chicago and at Tower Hill he maintained circles of personal culture, which were nobly enriched by his love of the best in literature and art, and his rare gifts of interpretation. For years he was a lecturer of unexampled popularity before audiences of eager youth in schools, academies, colleges and great public assemblies. It was his originality of mind and intense patriotic interest which made him the first to suggest the purchase and preservation by the nation of the Abraham Lincoln birthplace in Kentucky. No man was more largely responsible for the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago, in 1893, than he; and no man did more in ways of practical labor for the success of this epoch-making assembly. A gallant soldier for three years in the Civil War, he became in his later years a foremost champion of the great movement for peace among the nations.

In personal character Mr. Jones was the soul of geniality and good will. Democratic to the core, he was a lover of all sorts and conditions of men, and an unfaltering believer in the human nature that is in us all. His "guests' room" in Abraham Lincoln Centre, open to every pilgrim of the spirit, was a fitting symbol of his open mind and hospitable heart. Especially did he love the young and ardent, those whose ideals were still fresh and faith unreckoning. He cherished them as his own children, arming them with resolution, and helping them to courage. Barriers of nation, of class, of caste, of convention, of denomination, he abhorred and resolutely endeavored to tear down. It is as impossible to conceive of prejudice and hatred present in his soul as darkness present in the sun. Religion was to him a way of life, and that way, *love.*

He detested what he called "the excess baggage" of the churches; and in this sense accepted as a genuine tribute the remark of a Catholic priest, made in answer to the inquiry of an anxious mother as to whether she could let her boy attend the classes at Abraham Lincoln Centre: "Let him go! Jenkin Lloyd Jones hasn't got religion enough to hurt anybody."

The last years brought sadness and disappointment. Uncompromising fidelity to his Christian pacifism cost him friends, closed against him familiar platforms and pulpits, and involved his journal, *Unity,* in difficulties. Of the injustice and inutility of current indiscriminating intolerance of minority opinion I have long been convinced, but never so surely as now, when I mourn the unsullied purity and perfect love which were the life of Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

In a letter to the Postoffice Department, written shortly before his death, Mr. Jones set down, as with prophetic insight, these words:

"Of course I shall not be allowed to be a daily nuisance to public functionaries very much longer by the Supreme Authority who fixes the limits to the vigilance of his picket-guards. My going hence will be a relief to some, but I hope I shall be missed by many little children and the teachers and parents who have found through me and through *Unity* some gleams of a mightier gospel than that which hatred and war can reveal; some joy in the thought of a brother-bond that overreaches the trenches; and in a humanity that finds the bounds of a gospel 'above the battle'—a gospel unrimmed by creed or party, by nation or race.

"In that faith I must continue till the discharge comes."

John Haynes Holmes.

Chicago Herald-Examiner.

(Excerpts.)

The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones was a modern Jeremiah.

His snowy beard, his aquiline features, his shaggy hair, made him a picturesque and striking figure, one that had become familiar to thousands of Chicagoans.

As a militant pacifist, preacher, social worker and lecturer he had for more than a quarter of a century filled a unique position in Chicago.

Dr. Jones had the courage of his convictions. A modern Jeremiah, he denounced war as a survival of the brute whose fangs were bayonets. He rebuked the foibles and extravagances of society. He thundered against tainted money and the idle rich. In powerful Jeremiads he assailed the "slippered luxury" of wealth.

He stood for a religion, as he expressed it, "unrimmed by creeds." Negroes, Buddhists, free thinkers, atheist and orthodox were welcome at All Souls Church, of which he had been pastor for thirty-six years.

Abraham Lincoln Centre, in the heart of the South Side, a building dedicated to humanity, will be his monument.

On his return to America he said: "Ford was a fool. The peace expedition was foolish. But the greatest fools have accomplished some of the greatest achievements."

On the eve of our declaration of war with Germany he sent a telegram to President Wilson. It read in part:

"Keep us out of war. The incivilities of war-maddened monarchies represent no adequate excuse for plunging a great democracy into the same madness. The destruction of a few lives and ships cannot be atoned for by sacrificing countless lives and homes."

While Dr. Jones was a pacifist, he was no pro-German. Called on to deliver the invocation at the meeting of the so-called American Neutrality League at the Coliseum, he denounced the assembly, which had convened in the interests of the Kaiser.

His attitude toward Germany, as he once expressed it, was:

"I love Germany, but not the Germany of Bismarck and the Kaiser. I have no use for crowns. No civilization based on the sword can survive."

Dr. Jones stood for the rights of woman as the equal partner of man. He stood for the rights of the colored man "as eligible to whatever privileges civilization had to give to a soul when made worthy by effort, sobriety and purity."

He was one of the few Chicago pastors to oppose the visit last spring of Billy Sunday. "The religious life of Chicago," he said, "cannot be advanced by the methods of the sporting world."

Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

(Excerpt.)

But for the unsettled state of the public mind due to the many phases of the war here and abroad, it is not likely that the passing of so distinguished a clerical as Jenkin Lloyd Jones would have been so generally ignored as it has been among us.

Dr. Jones, it will be recalled, minister of All Souls Church in Chicago, was a member of the Ford Peace Party which sailed from New York in December, 1915, and which so ridiculously failed of its mission. That Dr. Jones was an earnest advocate of men's rights and liberties, a man who defended and sacrificed for the poor and unfortunate; that he was honest in his beliefs and endeavors, denominational rivals concede to the full.

Boston Sunday Herald.

(Excerpt.)

We were together in the Meadville Theological School. He was a fledgling; so was I. But it fell to me to teach him a little Greek, in a preparatory class. I recall vividly his earnest, quiet habits at that time. He steadily, modestly stored up knowledge. He had a genuine hearty comradeship spirit; he shared with many of us enthusiasm for Emerson, Phillips, Sumner, Mrs. Livermore and Lowell—what a great array in all—Collyer, Parker, Frothingham and others of the far-shining galaxy. And his record is true to that auld lang syne leadership, in spirit and truth, according to his honest, firm (very firm) conceptions of duty.

Edward A. Horton.

The Sentinel, Chicago.

"When fell, today, the words that she had gone,
Not this my thought; here a bright journey ends,
Here rests a soul unresting; here, at last, ends,
Here ends that earnest strength, that generous life—
For all her life was giving. Rather this
I said (after the first swift, sorrowing pang);
Radiant with love, and love's unending power,
Hence, on a new quest, starts an eager spirit—
No dread, no doubt, unhesitating forth
With asking eyes; pure as the bodiless souls
Whom poets vision near the central throne
Angelically ministrant to man,
So fares she forth with smiling, Godward face;
Nor should we grieve, but give eternal thanks—
Save that we mortal are, and needs must mourn."

These are the lines which Richard Watson Gilden penned in December, 1902, when passed on to a greater plan the life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Save for the brief reference to gender, how well they voice the thought of the legion of friends of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. They who knew him from the many angles of his rich character were impressed most deeply by that side of his nature which was "radiant with love and love's unending power"; many of us there are who feel within our souls the call to serve our fellow men, but few of us are able to carry into execution the plans which will demonstrate this unlimited affection. We work in an abstract way for the good of others; we even bring our will to help in concrete places. But few of us have the strength of consistency which enables us to carry our good intentions to the full point of completion. There never was this problem confronting the great man whom we have lost. As he thought, as he preached, so he lived, and so he practiced. If ever the "democracy" of which we hear so much stood the test, and passed it, it was in the life of this leader. Those of us whose experiences have led into many fields and diversified avenues of work have always returned to the hallowed precincts of his home, there to find rest and relaxation, and only too often renewed strength and encouragement. For the "eager spirit," knowing no rest and no discouragement so long as a given task remained unfulfilled, would so gently and firmly point the way to further effort that there was naught to do but to fare forth again to battle.

He will be remembered as a "pacifist." In his eyes the life of any man, whatever be his birth or education, his nationality or religion, was sacred because it was made in the image of God, not the God of any particular church or nation, but the one God who he believed made us all, was Father to us all, and therefore made of us all, brothers. Felix Adler gave forth the thought that this war was degrading to himself because he could not forget that all the fighting men, no matter under what flag they stood, were human brothers; and that members of his own human family could fall as low as we are told our enemies have descended was a reflection upon him in common with every member of the human family. So reasoned this great man. And be it said to his credit that to the end, in spite of the heart-rending anguish he must have endured because people would not, or could not, understand him, he held to the theory that human life is sacred and should be protected against ruthless destruction.

Pacifist? Never was there a bolder warrior on the field of battle. What though the fight was bloodless? Through the long years of his busy and useful career he marshalled army after army for the fray. Their weapons may have been words instead of blows, deeds instead of destruction, time after time he outgeneraled the foe with their aid; as one soldier in this countless army I pen these lines of deep gratitude for the privilege he gave me of fighting beneath his banner. For there I have learned that justice and mercy, righteousness and truth, are the great passwords in life. The tenets of my own great religion, the precepts of my own great prophets, were first unfolded to me by his lips. And though more recent years have privileged me to know greater intellectual teachers, from his instruction was I first taught to seek out the truth of the Biblical saying, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my strength saith the Lord of hosts." May strength be given to me, and to the unnumbered army

which he has trained, to carry on his bloodless warfare under his silent leadership, to the end.

Over what were his battles fought? What were the causes he championed? They are too numerous to record in aught but a volume of great proportion. Because all men should be born free and with equal opportunity all men were worthy of his thought. Wherever, therefore, injustice was being done, there he pitched his tent on the side of the wronged; wherever occasion offered for a campaign of advancement of opportunity for the less gifted or less fortunate, there he made battle and marched forward. But the fight had to be a fair and square one, openly and honestly conducted. No means other than the most straightforward were ever to be employed. I recall one instance which taught me the strength of this man unwilling to compromise with evil for the sake of a greater good. We sought to secure a playground for a neighborhood public school; it soon became apparent that if we "played politics" the project could be brought to fulfillment. Some of us thought to take this line of least resistance for the sake of the children who would benefit by the improvement. Not so our courageous leader! We were bidden to hold our ground and, if need be, wait until the plan could be honestly carried through. The lesson of that campaign has remained with one soldier. A score of other valuable lessons come rushing back to memory as I write. For from this untiring man I learned never to relinquish a task until it spelled completion. Yea, he was a hard taskmaster; knowing no rest within himself, sparing no effort on his own part, believing that every righteous cause must triumph, he spurred one on to ever renewed endeavor, to ever fresh attack; there was no resting on one's laurels; there was no giving up in despair; there surely was no retreat. Soldiers in the large civic army which he has trained will stand their ground until the trumpet of victory sounds, no matter how many times they needs must enter the field. They must be true to the general who trained them. He knew this for he sometimes said, in speaking of the club women of Chicago, that he put them through the paces at Lincoln Centre and so soon as they had learned the art of faithful service they forgot their leader and went into the ranks of the Chicago Woman's Club, there to put into practice the tactics he had taught them. He was mistaken only in so far as he thought they forgot the source of their instruction; for no man or woman who ever had contact with that great personality will ever be able to forget it. He was too good a commanding officer ever to be erased from the memory of a member of his army.

But why speak of him in terms military since these he loathed beyond expression? Why even emphasize the martial side of his life when his memory will be hallowed so lovingly because he was so gentle withal? We who owe him much for the strength he has given us to *do* owe him still more for the strength he has given us to *be*. For he taught us that while in the great outside world we must struggle and strive, within ourselves we can find the peace that passeth understanding. Man may make a sorry mess of things in life but Nature tries to cover his blunders with so many riches of her own that human ugliness is crowded out. Therefore he sought Nature in her varying moods and gave the vision of her loveliness to all who followed him. The flowers and the birds, the trees and the grasses spoke to him and through him to all his friends and disciples. I lived one summer in the woods of Wisconsin, on the hillside where now he sleeps, and there learned so to love Nature as never to desire ruthlessly to pick flower or grass from its bedded root. I listened to him preach underneath the trees which now sing the lullaby for his long slumber and prayed that to me might some day come the peace of mind, the earnestness of soul, the simplicity of spirit, the warmth of human affection which flooded his being. Time and again I have heard him read from the poets and authors who proclaim Nature's loveliness, finding through these readings of his the way to an understanding of the simple things of life.

It was this sterling simplicity in the midst of a complex existence which marked the greatness in Jenkin Lloyd Jones. In his study, in the class room, at the Sunday religious service, in his civic work whithersoever this led, it was present. I attended with considerable misgiving a "Flower Sunday Service," when new members were received into his church and children were "christened"; being a loyal Jewess I doubted my right to be present; how happily did the service disappoint me! The baptism ceremony consisted of a blessing upon the head of the young infant and a prayer that it might grow to be an honor to its parents and the community. And this incident is cited because in every way it is characteristic of the genuineness with which he lived his doctrine of belief. Truly was his house "a house of prayer for all nations"; truly was his simple code of belief one which all might honor even though one followed it not; truly was his life a model of genuineness for all to follow; as he loved to put it, he wished to be remembered as one who "tried to pluck a thistle and plant a flower wherever flower would grow."

From out the rich storehouse of memories which it was my privilege to share with this noble man one rises pre-eminent. When there is one who is especially dear to us we are wont to measure our regard for others by the respect which they pay to this dear one. So gentle was Jenkin Lloyd Jones to her whom I called by the sacred name of mother, whenever they met during the years in which she attended his study classes that when she went from us just before a Passover celebration we asked him to sit in her seat at that first sad Seder meal; for we felt that from no other source could come as appreciative an understanding of our loss. And now they worship together before that invisible throne whither in due course of time we shall be summoned. Life will be the poorer because his presence is no more; but life will be the richer because some of us have met and known him; may all who shared that great privilege carry forward the work which he began as he would have them do; so that when comes the final hour they may go before their Maker with as clear a mind and conscience as he carried down to the deep. Blessed be his memory!

Jennie Franklin Purvin.

The Industrial Student, Camp Hill, Ala.

Readers of *The Student* may remember that Mr. Jones has visited Camp Hill several times and lectured to our students. These lectures were inspired messages to the teachers, students and neighbors of our school.

Mr. Jones spoke on a variety of subjects, but perhaps the lectures longest to be remembered were those on Emerson, Browning, Whitman and Lanier. Mr. Jones knew these poets and essayists as few men have ever known them and he possessed the very rare gift of interpreting them to us in the language of plain people. Mr. Jones was a reformer among reformers and, as a consequence, he led to the very last an active, noble life. One might almost say that there were times in his career that were turbulent, excepting that there was always in him something plus, something more than the mere agitator or fighter. He was a great preacher of righteousness and his noble structure in Chicago, call the Abraham Lincoln Centre, was a veritable hive of industry. Every adventure in life found friendship with the head resident at Lincoln Centre. Camp Hill has lost a warm friend in the passing of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, poet, philosopher, preacher and patriot.

Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.

"All Birmingham regrets to learn of the death of Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones," said Dr. J. H. Phillips yesterday. "He was a frequent visitor to Birmingham and is kindly remembered by the great lyceum audiences he attracted.

"He was the soul of goodness and one of the purest and most genuine characters I have ever known. As a pacifist and a member of the Ford peace expedition, he aroused much opposition and ridicule. Nevertheless he was a great American and a genuine patriot.

"As a platform lecturer Dr. Jones was a genius. Chicago will sadly miss his leadership for civic betterment, and his courageous and fiery attacks upon municipal vice in all its forms. Lincoln Centre, the great civic and social institution which he established, will find it difficult to obtain his successor."

Chattanooga News, Tennessee.

On Sept. 12 there passed away in Wisconsin an aged patriarch of rarely beautiful character, who, for forty years, had done yeoman service for all progressive causes. We refer to Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the head of Lincoln Centre in Chicago. Perhaps no other man had so much to do wiith the organization of the parliament of religions which was such a feature of the world's exposition in Chicago in 1893. Dr. Jones believed that there was good in all religions. He earnestly strove to remove the differences and lessen the contentions between those of varying faiths. Religion was to him a way of life, and that way, love.

For three years of the Civil War, he was a brave Union soldier, and was in the Chattanooga campaigns.

His outward monuments are the great Abraham Lincoln Centre, in Chicago, the summer school and settlement at Tower Hill, Wis., the religious weekly, Unity, but the record of every civic and social reform and of every battle for righteousness and human betterment, during the last forty years, is in part the record of his career.

Georgia, Atlanta, Ga.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, patriarchal welfare worker, pastor and pacifist of Chicago, . . . had a nation-wide reputation as a welfare worker and a militant pacifist, filling an unique position for more than a quarter of a century in the life of Chicago. Pacifism with him was a religion—he fought for it in the face of opposition which he would not permit to overwhelm him. . . .

Congregationalist Advance, Boston.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones . . . was one of the pioneers in sensing the need of the community center and his vision in this regard was realized in 1905 when the Abraham Lincoln Social Centre was dedicated. . . .

Dr. Jones was an aggressive leader in any movement in which he became interested. He was a pacifist long before the war broke out and continued in that frame of mind until his death. . . . For many years he has published at Abraham Lincoln Centre a little paper known as *Unity* which has courageously stood for all the great reforms, being especially strong in opposition to the liquor traffic and child labor. Dr. Jones was much sought after for public speaking; his oration on Abraham Lincoln was especially notale. His large sympathy and capacity for fellowship won him friends without regard to denominational lines; he was known and loved by ministers and laymen of every faith and order. . . .

The American Israelite.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, preacher, editor, writer, welfare worker, humanitarian in the broader sense, passed away, ripe in years and full of honors. They whose great privilege it was to have had personal acquaintance with Dr. Jones, or Mr. Jones, as he preferred to be called, recognize that his death is written in the closing chapter of that phase of the history of this country which will never be reopened. A veteran of the Civil War, a chaplain, he understood the great changes which had come over the world since he witnessed the mighty struggle between the forces of right and reaction more than half a century ago. He lived to see and to take part, but in a different way, in the stupendous combat between the same principles today. The peace which followed the close of the Civil War in 1865 was to his mind the peace designed to prevail for all time, in so far as this country was concerned. He could not reconcile himself to the thought that the last half-century of government in the United States should or could be interrupted by war, or that any combination of circumstances could come about that would justify our active participation in war. This belief he held to the last. Beginning with the leadership of All Souls Unitarian Church, through the agency of his broad intellect and constructive mind, he developed his congregation into the Lincoln Centre community, with its great membership and splendid building. Within the walls of Lincoln Centre all who cared to, found a church and a home and school where perfect equality prevailed, not by rule, but through that spontaneity which is the offspring of true religion wedded to the daily life. There was no distinction at Lincoln Centre. Christian and Jew, white and black, the millionaire and the wage-earner, were side by side, and none could tell from their demeanor which was which. The least part of Jenkin Lloyd Jones' work that will be remembered was that done within the walls of Lincoln Centre, or on the lecture platform, or even in the columns of his publication, "Unity." The great remembrance, the lasting remembrance of him will be the spirit of love and truth and justice which he implanted in thousands upon thousands of hearts, influencing for the best and highest thousands upon thousands of lives that were, that are, and that will be. He builded on a rock, and he builded well.

Isidor Wise.

The Truth Seeker, New York.

The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago's noted undenominational pastor, who has just died at the age of 74 years, was a brave champion of freedom in religion, a worthy descendant, "spiritually," of Roger Williams, the pioneer of religious freedom in America. We have heard his faults spoken of, but forget what they were. His claims to remembrance are many.

Chicago Daily News.

The death of Jenkin Lloyd Jones removes a striking figure from the life of Chicago and of the country. This noted pacifist was himself a private soldier of the 6th Wisconsin battery. The state of Wisconsin through its history commisson published the diary Mr. Jones kept during his three years of service in the Civil War. In the preface to that book he wrote:

"A great thing was done for humanity in America between 1861 and 1865. If it could not have been done otherwise, it was worth all it cost. And if this same dire predicament were to come again, I would do my part over again. But, oh, it was such a wrong way of doing a right thing."

Mr. Jones said that, while in his diary he made strictures as to the excessive use of intoxicants, "truth requires that I should at this distance testify that the bulk of the Union army, so largely made up of boys, was of stern stuff with their lives rooted in seriousness and committed to sobriety, as the subsequent careers of those who were allowed to return amply prove."

Jenkin Lloyd Jones took Abraham Lincoln as his hero. He was a constant student of Lincoln's life, writings and speeches. The race set free by Lincoln's emancipation proclamation found in Dr. Jones a constant, devoted friend. He had hearty sympathy with all that related to the uplift and progress of the negro. Many times the fine audience room of Abraham Lincoln Centre has been opened for meetings in behalf of Provident hospital and other institutions connected with the welfare of colored people.

Duncan C. Milner.

Jefferson County (Wis.) Union.

Among the last things written by the late Rev. Jenkin L. Jones was a sermon on the life of Beethoven, one of the world's greatest musicians. In that sermon occur the following pregnant words:

"It is no burden to be born of lowly parentage. The Man of Nazareth and the American Man of Sorrows carried in their hearts no grief for the humble life of Mother Mary or Mother Nancy."

Nearly all men who have blessed the world with the constructive goodness of their brain and heart have come from the lowlier ranks of men. But they have had vision. They could see what wanted to be done and they set about doing it. The same opportunity for the poor boy exists today if he will only cultivate his ability to see. There is where the first principle lies. Then comes the ability to do. The whole world gladly hails the man who can both see and do. It cares but very little about how or where he was born.

W. D. Hoard.

Milwaukee Journal.

"Wisconsin, to my mind, has sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Jenkin Lloyd Jones," said Miss Lutie Stearns, after attending he funeral of Mr. Jones at Tower Hill, near Spring Green, Wis. "He was one of the most unique personalities that ever lived in Wisconsin. He gave up a possibility of a university education to enter the army in the Civil War; but this was made up to him later when he received the degree of doctor of laws for his service to humanity."

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

(Excerpt.)

The recent death of the eminent pastor of the Unitarian All Souls Church of Chicago has called out tributes from such different sources as to add one more proof to the value of personality above creed. The *Living Church* says:

"Dr. Jones, as minister of All Souls Church on Oakwood boulevard, was always a popular preacher on the topics of the day. Although he had served for three years in the Civil War as a member of the 6th Wisconsin battery, and although he was always known in his clerical life as a hard fighter for the right and for his particular opinions, he was very much a man of peace. . . . He was a member of the Henry Ford peace delegation which sailed from New York in December, 1915, aboard the Oscar II. He resigned from the Chicago peace society a few weeks before the United States entered the war because of 'the present policy of inactiviy of that society.'

"There has departed from us one of the most picturesque of our religious leaders, a most active and honest champion of men's rights and liberties, one who loved men, particularly the poor, the unfortunae, and the fallen, a loving and a most lovable man. May he rest in peace!"

The Daily Call, New York City.

The recent death of Jenkin Lloyd Jones has removed from the world one of the most eloquent of American thinkers. A new edition of "The Faith That Makes Faithful," his book of sermons on the religion of mankind, is now being issued by the Stratford company, Boston. This book, of which 36,000 copies have been sold, is an almost unparalleled success for a book of sermons. It has been translated into several languages.

The Christian Register, Boston.

During the writer's university days he became acquainted with Abraham Lincoln Centre, whose doors open equally wide toward the wealthy residents of Grand Boulevard and the inhabitants of the tenements on and below Thirty-ninth Street, Chicago. Thus in its very architecture no less than in its multiplied activities it sought to express and serve those unities of life that underlie all accidental differences of fortune, culture, race, or creed. This seven-story building was ever open to all who were in need, to every organization which purposed through the light of education, the inspirations of music, art, and literature, through the welcoming hand of social organizations, and through the ministries of charity to make the road lighter and the way brighter for all who would come. This institution was the creation of the spirit of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, supported loyally by the members and friends of All Souls Church, of which he became pastor nearly forty years ago.

The passing years brought to the writer the privilege of a closer acquaintance with the founder of Lincoln Centre and the agencies of service domiciled there. As he has read the pages of *Unity,* radiant with idealism, and occasionally contributed to its columns; as he has been a guest at the table of its editor, an occupant of the pulpit of All Souls Church for two summers, resting at night in the noted guest-chamber on the fifth floor of the building which houses so many helpful ministries,—he has come ever more deeply to feel that he has been in touch with a great soul. The building, the weekly paper, the multiform activities, were but the manifestation of that creative spirit. Creative moral energy was there, working incessantly, taking no account of the hours.

These things must be said, notwithstanding differences of judgment which have come with the injection into our time of the sharp moral issues of the war; for deeper than judgment of what is right or wrong in a concrete case is the purpose of a life, the habitual attitude of heart. A strong man who has long been a loyal supporter of both Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church, but who has differed radically in opinion from its minister in the last month, said, "There is nothing that the minister of this church could say now, no position that he could take, which would destroy my love for him." That is a tribute to greatness of soul, recognized beneath radical difference of judgment.

One summer day I sat in the unique and spacious study of the minister of All Souls Church, when there came a call by a young man who had just arrived from Denmark, where he had been a teacher, but had lost his position in consequence of changes brought about by the war. He had determined to establish himself in the States, and carried a letter of introduction to Jenkin Lloyd Jones from the United States consul, who had said, "There is no man whom I know in America who will receive you more sympathetically, or help you more effectively to find your rightful place in the States, than the Head Resident of Lincoln Centre." The incident is typical, revealing the ready helpfulness ever extended to those who appealed to this great heart.

Yet another side of that life stands out prominently. For a generation, it must not be forgotten, the pulpit of All Souls Church stood out as one of the most dynamic in the great city by the inland sea. It rang with reality, and never feared to apply the ideals of religious faith to the concrete questions that arose in civic and social life; and its occupant never hesitated to take his place in the thick of the battle. Industriously he labored as only a man of unusual strength could, dictating ringing editorials for *Unity* before he had arisen for breakfast, addressing large audiences from All Souls pulpit, travelling nights to lecture or serve in council in distant cities, closely identifying himself with the forces battling for right in his home city. These years of dynamic ministry cannot be forgotten despite a situation that brought tragic suffering to a heart scarcely able to bear it longer.

Against all that was low and mean, against every form of corruption and tyranny, against all narrowness and bigotry in nationality and religion, for all that to him bore the marks of truth and the standards of righteousness, the voice of Jenkin Lloyd Jones rang forth in the clear accents of a great soul, and his words will not die. *Harry Foster Burns.*

The Reform Advocate, Chicago.

Chicago has lost one of its good heroic men. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a faithful worker, has been called to rest. In other days perhaps the daily papers might have had more space for him, but in these days his course was not easily understood. In early years he answered his country's call and fought in the war for freedom bravely and to the end. Then he learned war and he was a consistent peace advocate till the end of his days. His attitude was that war was an expensive method of settling disputes. Though he himself said of the Civil War that if it had to be done again he would do his share over again. But he was a prophet of a larger day to come and perhaps it will come after the world will have ended this great struggle and victory shall have come to the great western democracies and the peace then to bless the earth will never remove its wings from overshadowing the earth.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones was impatient of the narrowing fellowship; he fought a good fight for the broader humanity. He appreciated the good in all peoples and his optimistic hope in man as man was deep. He was a powerful factor in the spiritual life of Chicago. . . .

The Summerdale Greeting, Chicago.

. . . The loss to the city and to the forces of religion and brotherhood in the passing of this truly great and good man is beyond expression. None knew him but to love him and to appreciate the depth and strength of his convictions. Vitality, courage and devotion to humanity marked every hour and word of his life and gave a fresh inspiration to every contact with him. And what a comfort it was to meet him and realize what a strong friend weak men and good causes had on the earth! He was a Great Heart and was possessed by a fine type of religion. Alas, for Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church.

Springfield (Ill.) Record-News.

(Excerpts.)

News of the death of Jenkin Lloyd Jones is lost in the mass of war news, and the passing of a man who has been a real power in religious and philanthropic work goes almost unnoticed.

The value of his life endeavor must be recognized. He was a man of courage. He rebuked the extravagances and sins of society. He thundered against the idle rich. He championed a religion "unrimmed by creeds." At All Souls Church in Chicago, where he had been pastor for thirty-six years, all creeds and nationalities were welcomed. Abraham Lincoln Centre, in the heart of the Chicago South Side, will stand as a lasting monument of his service to humanity.

The Sentinel, Chicago.

When the announcement appeared in our daily papers that Jenkin Lloyd Jones was dangerously ill and that there was no hope for his recovery, it came as a distinct shock to his many devoted friends who had learned to love him for the nobility of his soul and the kindliness of his life. And now that he has been borne out to his last resting place they deeply mourn his loss. Jenkin Lloyd Jones was a cosmopolite. He did not belong to one people or to one religion; he

belonged to all peoples and all religions. His outlook was so broad and all-inclusive that it embraced all humanity. He loved to speak of himself as an uncircumcized Jew. Indeed the spirit of the prophets in Israel had taken possession of his soul. He believed as they believed—that we "all have one Father and that one God has created us." He wanted to see all religions cast off their narrow creeds and have a broad and universal outlook. He spoke of the labels of the various religious denominations as libels. He believed that all "the nations were made of one blood." He abominated every prejudice and every bigotry. His love included peoples of all races and all religions. The color of a man's face was not the thing that was pivotal with him but the kind of life that he led. He did not proscribe the Negro simply because he was a Negro, but he gave him a place in his heart and soul the same as he did to every other man and woman who understood the implications of life and of living and carried them out in their own bearing to the grand totality of the human kind. He was a distinct force for good in this community. He was one of the moving spirits in the Parliament of Religions called into life twenty-five years ago during the World's Columbian Exposition. Out of the Parliament of Religions the Congress of Religions grew. Jenkin Lloyd Jones was the genius who guided its destiny. Through this agency he wanted to bring all the more advanced religions to work together upon one common platform.

For more than three decades he was one of the outstanding figures of the Chicago community. There was not a single movement looking toward social betterment that did not have his warm approval and ardent support. He felt that in order to propagate his ideas and ideals he would have to have an organ, and so he called "Unity" into life. Here he preached to the larger public that did not hear him in his pulpit. No man was more prominently in the eye of the public than he. Deep sorrow took possession of his soul when this world conflagration of war deluged the earth with blood. All his life accustomed to preach the doctrine of universal peace, he could not even at the behest of the government change his attitude toward this question. That he was a true American loyal to his country's flag could not be doubted. In the great trial that visited our country in the dark garb of the Civil War, he donned knapsack and gun, and fought that the unity of the nation might be preserved. But for all that it was his firm conviction that this nation could have and should have kept out of this war. True to himself and his convictions he was not willing to sell his soul or his ideas, and so he continued to plead for peace. During the months of July and August his publication "Unity" was held up and not permitted to pass through the mails, but in the opening week of September it was permitted to go to its subscribers. It is not to be doubted that the war and the impossibility of his adjusting himself to it had something to do with the hastening of his end. It is to be regretted that his body was not brought to Chicago where he labored for so many years, and that the funeral services were held where he breathed out his last, at Hillside, Wisconsin. But it is certain that the men and the women who loved him will not let the opportunity pass by to hold memorial services in his honor in the near future. We loved to look upon Jenkin Lloyd Jones as our friend. He was a friend to every one who knew him. He was a friend of every man in the world. He was one of nature's noblemen. It will be difficult to find his like. It will be hard to replace him. Surely of him it could be truthfully said:

"None knew him but to love him;
None named him but to praise."

By Rabbi Tobias Schanfarber.

Our Best Words, Shelbyville, Ill.

(Excerpts.)

I first met "Jenk Jones" as he was then familiarly called, as we stood together on the steps of the Meadville Theological School in 1866, the year of his entrance there. We were students together at that school for some years.

In the first years of my mission here after graduating at Meadville, Mr. Jones visited me at my little home on the prairie, five miles east of Shelbyville, and near Middlesworth Station on the Big Four Route. I met him at the station with my pony and we rode to my home together over a road of deep mud. It was a novel experience for Jones. He exclaimed, "Douthit, this is about the last place on earth I would expect to see a Unitarian missionary."

Sometime afterward, in giving a report of Unitarian efforts for mission work, Mr. Jones wrote in substance as follows:

"Unitarians think it their special calling to plant churches only in large cities and at great universities, and not in farming communities. But the city method does not always succeed. For instance, the Unitarian Missionary Society shot an arrow at Springfield, the capital of Illinois; but it only hit the cupola of the State House, glanced off and stuck in the mud among the farmers of Southern Illinois."

When over forty years ago I first attempted to hold meetings in the old Virginia shaped courthouse at Shelbyville, Jenkin Lloyd Jones was the first minister among Unitarians who volunteered to come over and help. This was largely because he had learned of my anti-saloon crusade. He cheerfully came and helped without pay and without price. It was near the beginning of a series of meetings in that courthouse which continued with unabated interest every night for eight weeks. I quote from "Jasper Douthit's Story," page 141:

"During the month of February, 1876, real revival meetings were commenced at the courthouse, continuing with unabated interest every night for eight weeks." I believe that protracted effort was what Theodore Parker would call "A True Revival of Religion." The result was certainly ethical.

I think I may say the keynote of the meetings was struck by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who preached in the old courthouse a while before the meetings began. His sermon was very practical and enthusiastic. It caused the dry bones to shake.

(Then Shelbyville with only about 3,000 inhabitants was dreadfully afflicted with twelve or more licensed shops of sin, and several county officials were the victims. These with several saloon keepers came to hear the Unitarian preacher from Chicago. It was quite a novel event. Brother Jones in his sermon made sharp, pointed shots against licensed saloons and the drink

devil. It was a plain off-hand eloquent talk that hit hard and struck deeply in heads and hearts.)

The final result of that protracted effort was a church of seventy-five members of the unchurched and mostly poor people of Shelbyville, with several of the county officers. Many had been hard drinkers. One convert had been a saloonkeeper here for forty years.

During the past thirty years that saloonkeeper's daughter, whose home is in a distant city, has written me on every Easter Tide a greeting to be read at the early sunrise Easter meetings in the Unitarian Church in Shelbyville. She sends the greetings in loving memory of her father's conversion and his faithful attendance with her at those early Easter services all the years after his conversion, till God called him from the body of flesh to the home above.

This Easter incident is related here and now because that father's conversion is ever associated in the writer's mind with the pointed, practical rousing anti-saloon sermon by Brother Jones in the old courthouse.

Mr. Jones was the main man to help prepare the program and conduct a Congress of Religion at Lithia during one of the early sessions of the Chautauqua.

That was the first program of the kind held with any Chautauqua in the world. Representatives of several denominations took part in the program. Jones was at his best in a most eloquent plea for good fellowship and co-operation with all truly religious people the world over, of every race and clime. The address was well received by a large audience.

The year the annual assembly at Lithia was suddenly and unexpectedly suspended when a splendid program of talent had been engaged, I became prostrated in body and mind so as to be unfit for any business. Then Mr. Jones called me to his summer home and school at Tower Hill, Wisconsin, where I was most kindly cared for until recruited for more service.

Mr. Jones united with Robert Collyer in giving introductions to "Jasper Douthit's Story," which was written by request of friends of Lithia Springs enterprise, and published in the effort to establish the Chautauqua for the object dedicated.

Brother Jones's going leaves me and many others with a deep sense of loneliness and desolation. But I cannot, I will not think of him as dead. He is now more alive than ever. He is just away with a wave of the hand and cheery smile to join "the choir invisible" in the richer, larger life forever.

Jasper L. Douthit.

San Francisco Star.

One of the most brilliant, best informed minds of the country; one of the most eloquent of his generation in our language, spoken or written; one of the kindest, truest, most lovable of men, passed from our world when Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones answered the call "Come up higher." . . . His name is a household word where love of learning and good literature prevails. His book, "Love for Battletorn Peoples," has already become a classic; its persuasive and informing chapters were praised everywhere while our country was pledged to remain without prejudice in the European conflict. . . .

He has been a recognized leader in the growth of the liberal religious spirit. His years were no burden. Quite recently he made a speaking tour, east, south, west, and around home again. . . .

His last letter to me, under date of August 8, was a heart-break, that anyone could think him disloyal to the country for which he fought against slavery and disunion, because with his years had grown his belief in the wrongfulness of all war. He closes with the sentence: "I must endure with patience; all will yet be well." All is well with the great soul whithersoever it fareth.

Eufina C. Tompkins.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Many admiring tributes to and graphic stories of the late Jenkin Lloyd Jones are going the rounds of the press.

A large, intensely human, broadly and deeply Christian and spiritually serviceable man.

There is a significant little story of an anxious Catholic mother who asked the priest whether it would be well for her boy to attend Mr. Jones's classes at Abraham Lincoln Centre. "Let him go," said the worthy father, "Jenkin Lloyd Jones hasn't got enough religion to hurt anybody."

Not enough of the man-made dogmatic theology was no doubt what the worthy father meant. On that theory he might perhaps have said Jenkin Lloyd Jones has too much real and fundamental religion to hurt anybody.

Boston Herald.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, who died at an advanced age the other day, had lately come into collision with the postal authorities, as other radical writers have done. It so happened that one of his last letters, replying to Washington, took cognizance of the disease which he saw creeping on him, and so became a sort of valedictory. And it was one of rare eloquence, even in a time when world events have tried sorely the faith of those who have looked, as he did, on the eventual triumph of the international idea. This is what he wrote:

"Of course I shall not be allowed to be a public nuisance to public functionaries very much longer by the supreme authority, who fixes the limits to the vigilance of his picket guards. My going hence will be a relief to some, but I hope I shall be missed by many little children and the teachers and parents who have found through me some gleams of a mightier gospel than that which hatred and war can reveal; some joy in the thought of a brother bond that overreaches the trenches, and in a humanity that finds the bounds of a gospel above the battle—a gospel unrimmed by creed or party, by nation or race. In that faith I must continue until the discharge comes."

Boston Sunday Herald.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Browning lovers, members of the Free Religious Association and thousands to whom the name of Jenkin Lloyd Jones was a dear household word thank you for embodying in a recent editorial his eloquent, pathetic words as he faced his end. The holding up by local postal authorities of his paper, Unity, must have

hurt sorely the loyal heart of this veteran of the Civil War, one of the best citizens that his state or nation ever had.

It will deeply interest his friends to know that the last issue of Unity was not held up and that a copy reached him the day of his death. He read it through in the morning and was holding it in his hand when he fell asleep. All of the issues which were held up are now released by the postal authorities, after all this needless suffering inflicted on as true and brave a soul as Chicago ever knew. It is hard to forgive the many instances which come to light of persecution by petty officials eager to pick flaws in men whose only fault is that they preach what they conceive to be the will of Him who said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Brookline, Sept. 23. *Lucia Ames Mead.*

The Oakland (Chicago) Review.

The nation-wide sphere of Mr. Jones' influence was recognized by everyone, but to people of the Oakland neighborhood the largest phase of this noble career was in the circle of its neighborly activities. Here we all knew Mr. Jones as the sincere, unaffected, tender-hearted fellow townsman that he was. He never lost his love for any practical interest in the folks of his own block and ward by reason of his great vision for the nation or for society as a whole. He loved the people he lived among, be they white, black or yellow! He despised all pretensions and posings and every kind of dishonesty. When Mr. Jones' mind and heart told him that a certain line of conduct was right, nothing could turn him from it. His fearlessness and unwillingness to temporize with the wrong in local civic affairs often brought him into open conflict with others. From this kind of antagonism he never turned timidly, and for the sake of his conscience he held his course, cost him what it would. His whole life was a commentary on courageous living and unselfish achieving.

He had no money nor inherited position of influence with which to start his life. As a poor Welsh lad, with a radiant hope and a greed for human knowledge, making his home in the crude pioneer fields of Wisconsin, Mr. Jones became a national figure through a long life of self-sacrifice for others. He desired no compensation but the assurance that his hand was laid to a task of helpfulness and that human spirits were cheered and given the chance for growth Godward that they deserved. So he prayed and wrought for social justice and the reign of human rights among all men. The clang of hostile swords on his brave aggressive shield lifted in defense of his fellows will be inspiring music as long as memory holds him and his loving character in its grasp.

The Community Christmas Tree that Mr. Jones was so active in setting up shall be a continued token to his neighbors of that wonderful spirit of neighborliness that lived in his heart. He sang about the tree with his keen eyes sparkling with all the glowing enthusiasm of childhood. The carols and lanterns were not merely outward formal things of custom or convenience. They spoke for a season of joy and human fellowship in which his life found its chiefest gladness. He was our Greatheart! His sudden departure idealizes and immortalizes innumerable things of mind and heart that made him great.

Au revoir—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

William C. Covert.

The Citizens' Advocate, Los Angeles.

A poignant sense of irreparable loss and desolation comes over us as we learn of the passing of Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. He was a true friend of all humanity. He was generous to a fault and he loved to render service to the lowly. He was a reformer, an advocate of justice and freedom—a pioneer in a big city in the forming of fellowship and good will among all classes of peoples. His services to humanity and his achievements in the literary world give him a place in the hearts of humanitarians everywhere. It was due to his untiring efforts that the great World's Parliament of Religions was made such a great success in Chicago in 1893.

A few years ago Mr. Jones founded the Lincoln Centre Camp at Clear Lake, Wisconsin, where for two weeks every summer 150 boys and girls from the Lincoln Centre classes enjoy fresh air, good food and expert care.

Mr. Jones has been an active friend of the colored people. Their leading representatives, Dr. Booker T. Washington, W. E. B. Du Bois, Isaac Fisher and other prominent representatives of the race, have spoken repeatedly on his platform. Several of them had their first hearing in Chicago at All Souls Church.

Many of the leading scientific, literary and ethical leaders of the country have been welcomed to his pulpit. During the World's Fair, Frederick Douglass was a regular attendant at the Sunday service of All Souls Church. Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Frances Willard, John Fiske, David Starr Jordan, Edward Everett Hale, Edward Emerson, found in Mr. Jones a sympathetic colleague, and on his platform a hospitable welcome.

In 1890, in connection with William C. Gannett and G. S. Hunting of the Unitarian ministry, he secured possession of a beautiful site on the Wisconsin River in his old home neighborhood. He established there a summer encampment which he has directed and enjoyed for twenty-five years. The Tower Hill Summer School, of which he was director, flourished for twenty years or more, at which he gave systematic lectures on literary and religious subjects.

Mr. Jones has been actively interested in the protection of birds, historic traditions and native beauty. For many years he was an active member of the American Humane Society and helped to organize the Audubon Society, working against the wearing of plumage by women. His official career in this direction began as a schoolboy in connection with a Band of Hope. He has also been an active and radical worker in the temperance field throughout his life. He was a vice-president of the American Anti-Tobacco Society and had always been an active antagonist of the weed.

In the eighteenth year of his age he enlisted as a private in the Sixth Wisconsin Battery of Light Artillery and went immediately to the front, joining his company in front of the enemy at Corinth and remaining to the end of the war without furlough. He was

continually at the front with the Western Army under command of Generals Logan, McPherson, Sherman and Grant, and participated in the battles of Corinth, the Vicksburg campaign and siege, Missionary Ridge, the Atlanta campaign, and the siege of Nashville. He had been a consistent but not active member in the Grand Army of the Republic, but his growing conviction that there was a better way for settling international disputes, that armies must be reduced and war be outgrown, has led his energies in other directions. He was one of the few privates who succeeded in continuing a diary throughout his entire service and preserving the same. The Wisconsin Historical Society published this diary for free distribution among its members in 1913, under the title of "An Artilleryman's Diary." In 1909 he was granted the degree of LL.D. by the University of Wisconsin. . . .

Charles Alexander.

The Christian Register.

On Friday, the 13th, came the telegram, "He rested last night at five"; and the answer went back: "I am almost glad for him; but how we shall miss him! How many will honor him now!" A week before he had gone under the surgeon's hand and could not rally from the operation. But before that the strength had failed. He had suffered intensely from the war,—himself a soldier at the front, always his post; but the front for him today was in the trenches of his own ideals of pacifism, which meant seclusion from many whom he loved. He came East in the early spring this year mainly to see a few old friends; and they felt, as they watched his slowed step and shadowed face, that it might be his good-bye to them, and that perhaps for that he came. Now and again upon the street he had to stop and lean against the wall. But there was no let-up in his hopes and plans. His church work in Chicago continued bravely to the season's end, when he went to his usual summer home among the familiar farms at Tower Hill, Wisconsin,—not this time, however, to conduct his summer school of poetry and nature study and the simple life, as had been for many years his way of spending the vacation.

"Tower Hill has been very quiet," he wrote me a fortnight ago. "No lecturing, no lessons, a little poetry reading on our porch, when asked for; busy writing many letters, planning future work. We are seeking no trouble, trying to live up to a pacifist's standard, realizing with Robert Browning that it is 'hard to be a Christian.' The Guernsey cows interest, the humming-birds' nest creates excitement. Ruth's three little kiddies make the Hill radiant and resonant. . . . We are ready to go back to work. What the winter has in store for us we know not. The turbulence, whatever it is, is not in our own souls, and there is work enough at Lincoln Centre to engage the best there is in us. We hope to prove that it has room enough for militant and pacifist to live together in unity. We are trying the dangerous experiment of a pacifist preacher and a divided board of trustees. Perhaps there is no place in America where free speech and the fraternity of disagreement will have so fair a tryout as on the platform of the Lincoln Centre next winter." Brotherhood between opposed sincerities: honor to both, the people and the preacher.

Then came the telegram.

A man of Pauline type: "prophet" in both senses,—spokesman for God in all good causes, and foreteller of the untried vision. A free catholic in all things of the spirit, apostle of freedom, fellowship and character in religion. Unselfedly devoted to ministry and public service. Big-hearted, generous, sympathetic, democratic to the inmost fiber, human,—a Brother-man; his adventures in humanity a wonderful series of discovery in the possibilities and charm of human nature. Courage-bringer and incarnate cheer to many,—his eyes, his laugh, his hug, his heart-hail to you, dispelling fears and giving the sense, "We *can!*" A genius in his chosen work, fresh, spontaneous, fountain-like, inspired and inspiring; a dreamer, but no mere dreamer,—eminently creative, organizing and persistent on long lines to achieve his purpose. An eloquent, stimulating preacher of ideas and ideals; lover of poetry, and kindling love of it in others; uncalculating in his loyalty to outcast truth, and welcomer to truth new-born,—his own prophets being such men as Browning, Emerson, Ruskin, Tolstoi. One who believed that "the inspirations of life come, after all, from the great things to be done rather than from the great things that have been done" (his own words); and who fearlessly and joyously lived out that belief, well assured that anything that needed to be done could be and would be done, and should be now begun. A man, like Lincoln, of log cabin origins, but whose native power and self-training along essential lines of culture made him equal to great undertakings and a leader of men,—yet willing to be chore-boy to a cause, and outdoing in work and sacrifice anything he asked of others; not recognizing that thought of "sacrifice" in great connections. A man with some of the defects that go with qualities for leadership, but these defects few, slight and easily forgiven, for the old reason, "because he loved much." One whom his closer friends will think of in terms of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" and the sonnet to Milton, and Matthew Arnold's tribute to his father, "Rugby Chapel," and, above all, the last two verses of Browning's "Asolando," which would seem to have been forewritten of him:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,—
Never doubted clouds would break,—
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,—
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

"No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry; 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever,
There as here!'"

I write these words as one who knew him well, inside and out, brother-close for years and to the end, and who did not always follow and agree with him: it is not over-estimate.

How some of us will miss him! How many now will recognize and honor him!

William C. Gannett.

O FATHER, help us to realize that in so far as aught that is precious and tender in the years gone by is lost, it is lost through selfishness; and in so far as it abides in us redolent with life, pulsing with hope, it comes on the wings of disinterestedness. They who toil for their own gain are forgotten, are lost in the onrushing stream. They who toiled that others might be more joyous, who testified that others might be more free, still live in song and story; they still live enshrined in the hearts of the multitude; their names are emblazoned upon the imperishable tablets of history. They live most of all in a world made better by their living. So out of the years that are gone, help us, O Father, to gather this one precious, sacred lesson for the years to come—that radiance ever rests upon the brow of one that loves, that joy ever quickens the feet of those who serve; that strength ever engirdles the soul that is willing to spend and be spent in the service of its kind. —J. Ll. J.

AROUND THE GLOBE.

JUNE, 1918.

I.

The hemlocks are crooning of frolicsome weather:
Earth's hungering hearts, let us wander together!
Though bayonets clash and artilleries thunder
The Mother still lures us to watch her and wonder.
Come linger and worship! Forget for a season
Man's jumble of life to a maze of unreason.
The bobolink laughs in the meadow, all thrilling
With rapture where laurel its fragrance is spilling.
In the pond's placid mirror white lilies float double:
Forget for a season life's warring and trouble.

II.

How beautiful are clouds!
I watched to-day their Alpine ruggedness,
Celestial domes and precipices—vast, how vast—
Like massy mountains climbing all the sky,
And white as frosted silver;
Not fleecy edged, nor floating half-attenuate shot through with blue,
But solidly up-piled as if ensculptured;
Scintillant ridges and promontories
Gleaming the vaster in their snowy bulk
And heaped more splendidly in terraced brightness
Because the sun was hidden,
Yet from where it hung unseen above a bank of blackness
Nevertheless shone on them and glorified them.
Then unexpectedly across the heavens a rainbow glowed,
The shower being over and the warm June sun pouring life again on man
Around the globe.

III.

How beautiful is the sea!
I sit beside it on its rocky terraces,
Now at this moment while I write these words of admiration,
And see it gleaming eastward, eastward,
Blue as heaven,
And dancing under wind and sun into a million sparkling points
Like tropic stars in Night's deep firmament.
In thought I follow it across,
Thousands of miles across,
And know it washes shores where dwell
Brothers of mine in many lands,
Joyful and striving ones, and the vainly aspiring and sinning,
Innocents crushed by cruel tyrants, and the tyrants themselves, and heroic strugglers battling for the world,
To all of whom the kinship of the equal race conjoins me,
As Nature gave us birth.
This same sea beside which I sit here on the shores of America
Feeds them all, cleanses them all,
Over there.
This same sea gives moisture to the clouds that rain on them:
On them all, the evil and the good,
Around the globe.

Musing on this I at first pause and am dumb—
For Nature thus seems to me un-moral; to care nothing for right and justice.
But then, dimly, I realize that Man is in Nature, is a part of Nature,
And that Man as a whole does care for right and justice, and will surely sometime bring them to be:
So that I would courageously look forward.

IV.

How beautiful is Peace!—
Transcendent in the past, and yet again to be transcendent.
And when once more her white wings brood the world—
When Force has been dethroned forever, as it shall be,
And mankind has learned, through unexampled blood and anguish,
That only Love can conquer hearts or lands—
Then shall men all alike proclaim, around the world,
That Peace alone is life's well-being
And every blessing known to man is her dear blessing.
In her presence harvests flourish,
In her presence Man ascends majestic stairways of endeavor,
Children laugh and romp,
And mothers kiss their babes and maids their lovers
In sweet innocence that dreams not of despair
Or wounds or devastation.

Peace calls to man to follow her henceforth forever
In brotherhood that binds all lands, all tribes.
Peace never was the child of War,
But was before War was,
And shall be after it,
Reigning triumphant down the happy years
Around the globe.

V.

Roam, clouds! Swing, seas! Fall, rain!
Rejoice, mankind! Tomorrow is a new day—
To be what man shall make it.

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

How to Approach the Problem of a League of Nations

What do men mean when they advocate a League of Nations? In many minds the idea is extremely vague. It sounds well, but what a tremendous subject it proves to be, as soon as you begin to think it out! In one form it often appears as "The League to Enforce Peace." This way lie immense difficulties and innumerable points of friction. We may well be glad that Mr. Wilson has not been in the habit of advocating his proposed League with this perilous and menacing word: "Enforce." It may help our thought if we ask two questions which are near the heart of the problem. The first question is: What do we hope to secure by a League of Nations? Secondly: What will be the general attitude of our own nation toward our associates in the proposed League? Suppose we think ourselves, and possibly France and Great Britain with us, as decidedly superior and more highly civilized Powers, and regard the rest, with varying degrees of doubt, as alien and backward, or even disposed to be treacherous. Suppose we hope to hold certain nations under control, for which end we must not only provide a large central armed force, always ready to use as a rod to constrain mischievous members or groups of the League, but must also remain in a continual state of preparedness for war ourselves, with probably an immense system of compulsory military training. This kind of League is in the minds of a great many public speakers and writers. It might be called: "A League to ensure Continual Militarism."

On the other hand, suppose after our terrific experience of the futility of war we wish honestly, as we all say, to enter into partnership with all the other nations to abolish war, and that our aim accordingly is to contribute and coöperate for the common welfare, as citizens of our own nation do. Suppose then that our attitude towards the other peoples is a prevailing disposition to trust them, as we desire to be trusted, and in no way to dominate or manage or overrule or menace them with threats. Suppose instead of setting up a great rod for use against rebellious members of

our League, we use some such arrangement as *Mr. Alpheus N. Snow ably advises for bringing wise and friendly public opinion to bear upon a feverish situation in the International Commonwealth; we can thus see the lines of practical possibility running out towards a truly free, humane and durable association, into which all the peoples would like to come. You would have no need of armies and navies either at home or in the hands of the League, and you would have won peace in the only way in which it ever can be won, by the democratic method of disarmament, thus giving no nation the excuse for taking up arms against you.

We hardly realize yet how powerful an agency public opinion will become in restraining unarmed nations from acts of injustice and other provocations to war. Whereas, the man or the nation, armed to fight is rendered reckless and irritable. The greatest of all questions before the nation today is, whether or not they are so sick and tired of war, as to be disposed to general and entire disarmament! Like "resuming specie payment," it will be feasible if we think it is feasible and desire it. C. F. D.

*See his writings among publications of the American Peace Society.

Lincoln and the End of War

Over half a century ago a democratic statesman, the most thoroughly democratic statesman in history, uttered truths about a war which was then coming to an end which are more true about the greater war that has just come to an end than any statesman of our own time has had the imagination to divine or the courage to express. "Neither party," said Abraham Lincoln in his second Inaugural Address, "expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already obtained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and for a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invoked His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither could be answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses! For it must need be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove and that He gives to *both North and South* this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?" "With malice towards none! with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gave us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for the widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." There was a deep kinship between the passion for power which obsessed the German mind and dominated German politics and the passion of the southern slave owners for undisturbed power to own and exploit other human beings. But the North had connived at the unholy thing just as the democratic nations had participated in the property and power politics which Germany only pushed to an outrageous excess. Let us judge Germany if we must, but let us remember that at the same time we are also judging ourselves.—*The New Republic.*

WINGED WONDERS

"And that which hath wings shall tell."—"Ecclesiastes" 10; 20

Sparrow! sparrow!
Shooting like a feathered arrow;
Little wonder, is it true,
That the Father cares for you?

Lark! lark!
Thrilling all the dewy dark;
Did the Father tune each note
Pouring from your tiny throat?

Swallow! swallow!
Swifter than the winds that follow;
Did the Father take such pains—
Make your wings like aeroplanes?

Wren! wren!
Softest bunch of feathers; when
Rough, wild winds are blowing, how
Do you cling tight to the bough?

Oriole! oriole!
I am wond'ring as I stroll,
Golden "spinner in the sun,"
How your hanging nest was spun?

—*C. Burnham Maddock.*

"Blessed is the man who gets through this war without needlessly wounding acquaintances and friends by the cruel strokes of an unruly tongue," says Charles E. Jefferson in *Christian Work.* "There will be enough wreckage at the end of the war without our adding to it a mass of ruined friendships. Let us do our utmost to maintain a cordial fellowship with our fellow-Christians whose opinions are farthest from our own, and by extraordinary self-control refrain from saying things of which we shall be ashamed when the world is calm again. The world is torn by many demons, and we cannot afford to increase the fever and distraction by our impatient temper or our bitter tongue."

Friends' Intelligencer.

Q.

The French Department of Agriculture reckons that a toad is worth $9; a lizard, $9; a swallow, $20; a titmouse, $8; a robin, $4; a bat, $30; an owl, $12.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

WOMEN AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

The comparison of a Revolutionary howitzer or a Civil War cannon with the Big Bertha which shelled Paris in the tragic days of the last German drive should indicate to the simplest intelligence what may be expected from a century more of the development of the machinery of mass killing. It does not require the visioning of Mr. H. G. Wells to picture the result of another era of belligerent nationalism accompanied by the application of inventive genius to the making of the apparatus of human slaughter. Plainly, we must dispense with war or permit the human experiment to end in innane and stupid suicide. Unless mankind is to follow in the trail of the prehistoric reptiles which disappeared from the face of the earth because they were too clumsy-witted to survive, we must somehow muster up the resources and the brain stuff to put an end to war.

The movement for the adequate representation of women by women at the peace conference, if it may be judged by the objections of its enemies, is a step in this direction. Mrs. James Wadsworth's appeal from the anti-suffrage camp, urging women to work against the appointment to the peace delegation of such women as Mrs. Catt, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, or Miss Jane Addams, partly because none of them "feted the commander of the Battalion of Death," is a sample of the logic with which the proposal is opposed. Behind such naivete is, perhaps, an instinctive recognition of the truth that as regards the institution of war, women are, on the whole, less romantic and more practical than men. Militarists and reactionaries fear—one hopes rightly—that women peace delegates would forget sentimental vengefulness and the emotional indulgence of hate, and turn their attention exclusively to the hard headed and matter-of-fact business of scotching the germs of future wars. . . .

In the army of liberation which has saved civilization, men and women have marched side by side. Together they have shared the tortured waiting of the long night. Together they stand before the shining promise of a new day. This equal giving and sharing has broken down prejudice and sex antagonism, and has brought a growth of mutual respect which is, in itself, a precious contribution to democracy and a happier society. Without it, the war could not have been won. Without it, the tasks of reconstruction which may prove as great as those of war cannot be adequately performed. The appointment of women delegates to the peace conference will help to conserve and develop for the future the healthful, co-operative relation between the sexes which has emerged from their comradeship in the great struggle.

The presence of women at the peace table will be also of incalculable inspiration and educational value to the new women citizens of America and Europe. It will give them the thrill and encouragement of being admitted to full partnership. It will mean the study and discussion of the issues involved in the settlement in tens of thousands of women's organizations and in millions of homes. It will help to reclaim the vitality of public discussion which has been lost during the war. Even though it were true that women have no unique contribution to make to peace deliberations, they have at least earned the right to muddle along with the men. . . .

It should be remembered that a woman delegate to a peace conference is no more unprecedented than a woman handling a saw or running a tractor. In view of the fact that the heads of the Governments of the Allies and of the United States have publicly acknowledged that without the labor of women in unprecedented occupations, the war would have been lost, there is something decidedly ridiculous in the idea that women will ask representation at the peace conference only to be denied because custom and tradition has decreed that such affairs shall be managed exclusively by men. To ask women for the work and the co-operation which made victory possible and then to refuse them a voice in the disposal of its fruits would be an ironical outcome of a war for democracy.

—*Alice Mary Kimball.*

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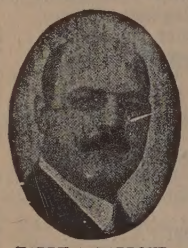

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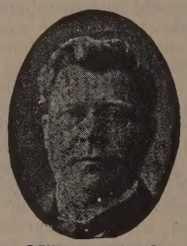

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